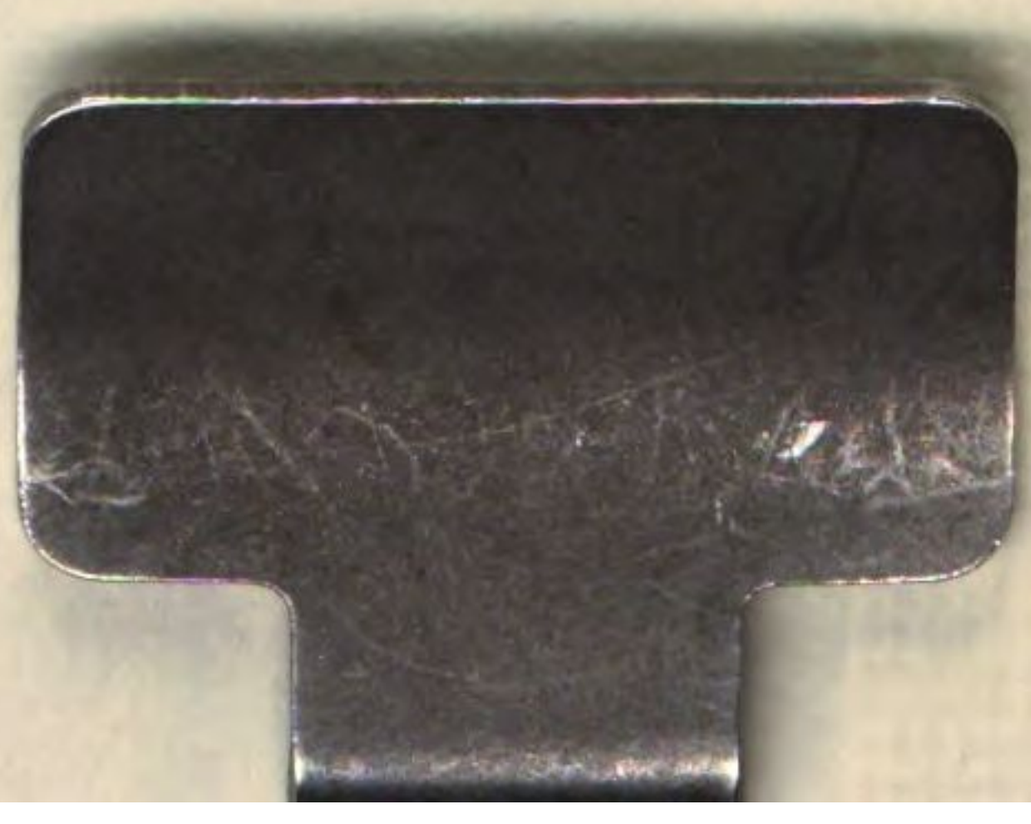
Art.
1416
w

Art. 1416 w



<3661738292001 2

<366173829200 12

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

v.d. Mk 3.

THE STORY

OF

THE LITTLE PAGE.

London:
BURNS & LAMBERT,
17 PORTMAN STREET,
AND
63 PATERNOSTER ROW.

Price Fourpence.

'RUBENS;

OR,

THE LITTLE PAGE.

Art. 1416 w...

A

BAYERISCHE
STAATSBIBLIOTHEK
MÜNCHEN

RUBENS;

OR,

THE LITTLE PAGE.

CHAPTER I.

ENNUI.

"I AM so weary, Peter, the day seems so long when my mother is away," said a young girl about fourteen years of age, who was seated in one of the recesses of a handsome apartment, which, from the immense number of books with which it was furnished, had justly obtained the name of the library. She sat at her wheel, but the half-spun flax hung listlessly in her fingers; her foot was on the wheel, but it stirred not; her large blue eyes were ranging over the magnificent plains of Antwerp, which were visible through the windows of the library.

"Ah! I see you have one of your idle fits upon you," replied the person whom she had addressed by the name of Peter, and who was about a year younger than herself. He was sitting upon a wooden stool, before an oaken table, his head bent down over a sheet of white paper, which he had completely covered with pencil lines. "What is the day of the month?"

"The 28th of June, 1590," replied Blandine.

"Well, then, you had better be thinking about my birthday, which is to-morrow, and that you have had the honour of being my sister nearly thirteen years. You can also be preparing the present you are about to make me."

"How do you know that it is not already prepared?" answered Blandine, yawning.

"Then sing me that cradle song, with which Clare used to rock me to sleep when I was a baby."

"Most willingly, if you will accompany me on your lute," replied the young girl.

"Oh, these sisters, these sisters!" said Peter, getting up to fetch his lute, which was hanging on the wainscoting of the apartment; "I verily believe, Blandine, sisters were only made for the purpose of hindering their brothers' studies."

"Fine studies you are carrying on there; you

have been spoiling some handsome books as well as your own drawings. Do you remember, Peter, that beautiful copy of 'Jerusalem Delivered,' which you scribbled all over with your pictures and droll figures, and how vexed poor papa was with you?"

"He was very angry, Blandine, but he always most carefully preserved that copy."

"That was on account of the book, Peter, which is a most excellent and valuable one."

"It was on account of my pictures, Blandine, because they were so well done."

"Now, are you ready?" demanded Blandine of her brother.

"Yes, quite," said he, beginning a sweet, slow accompaniment. After a few bars had been played, Blandine sung one of those universally popular Flemish ballads, the air and the words of which never fail to awaken in every Fleming's heart chords of deepest and tenderest recollection.

"Well, Blandine, does that suit you better?" said Peter to his sister, when she had finished singing.

"No," said she; "I sing, but my heart is none the lighter for that."

"What can I do for you?" replied Peter,

thoughtfully; "shall I deliver you an oration in Greek?"

"Thank you very much, but I do not understand Greek."

"Will you have the Latin version, then?" persisted Peter.

"I should be none the wiser were you to indulge me with Latin than with Greek," replied Blandine, unable to resist a smile at the expedient her brother had devised to amuse her.

"Oh, if the choice of languages is the only difficulty," added Peter, assuming an air of self-conceit, "I am not in the least embarrassed: shall I discourse to you in English, in Spanish, in Italian, or in French? Go on, sister, choose which you like best."

"Are you the happier for all this learning?" sighed Blandine.

"It is only necessary to apply steadily to become a learned man, sister."

"Instead of playing the little pedant," added Blandine, "you would do far better to divert me by relating some interesting tale, some historical fact or other."

"Very well," said Peter, assuming the air of an orator; "but first of all take Laïssette upon

your knee, and keep her from biting my legs: it would spoil the dramatic effect I wish to produce upon you."

Laïssette was an exceedingly beautiful cream-coloured greyhound, which had been given to Blandine by the Prince de Chimay. The young girl had taken it up into her lap, and as she stroked it by way of coaxing it to remain, she said to her brother, —

"Now I am ready: begin."

"In 1520, after having presided at the Diet of Worms," began Peter, "Charles V. caused himself to be crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle; and he then fixed his residence at Brussels. He had brought with him from Styria, a province belonging to Austria, one of his most devoted followers, Bartholomew Rubens."

"What story are you telling me there?" demanded Blandine.

"That of our grandfather, sister," said Peter, gravely, "and how it was that our family, which was of Styrian origin, settled in Antwerp."

"Thank you; but I know all that by heart; when our poor father was alive, he was always repeating that story."

"You want another, do you? very well," said the boy, and he began afresh:

"On the 13th of March in the same year, Henry IV., King of France, encountered the army of Mayenne and of Jayeuse in the plain of Ivry, near Dreux."

"What story are you about now, Peter?" again interrupted Blandine, with a slight movement of impatience.

"The history of the famous battle of Ivry, which will one day form an era in the annals of the history of France," said Peter in a pompous tone.

"I cannot think what could possess mamma to go and spend three days with her own relatives, and to take with her Philip and Clare, and yet leave me all alone in the house!" said Blandine, laughingly.

"Alone? you are very polite, sister," said Peter, rising, and making her a low bow.

"Or which is nearly the same thing," said the young girl, in the same doleful tone. "Oh dear! I wish John Baptist, or Henry, or Bartholomew were here, instead of being at the University of Louvain."

"Come, come, my little sister, do not be sulky," said Peter, approaching his sister, and taking her hands between his own. "Tell me, what can I do to amuse you? Will you take a walk into

Antwerp? We are not above half a mile from the town."

"You are too young for me to go out with you alone," said Blandine.

"Will you play with the peg top? You know I was noted at college for my great skill in drawing the cord."

"That is boy's play!" said Blandine, shrugging her shoulders.

Peter replied gaily, "Shall I stop the passers by, shall I take them prisoners, and bring them to your feet; and keep them bound until, by their amusing stories, they shall have brought a bright smile to your lips, which are as red as the rose which is blooming in your hair?"

"How childish you are, Peter!" said the young Flemish girl, smiling.

"Ah! ah! you think I dare not do it? Wait a minute, and you shall see!"

The boy turned to the window, and leaning out of it, he beckoned to a yellow carriage which was passing along the high road.

"Here, traveller, here!" cried he, putting his hand to his mouth in the form of a speaking-trumpet, "this is the house! Turn to the right, that green gate, down that chestnut avenue!"

"How foolish of you, brother, how very

foolish!" said Blandine, alarmed, and vainly endeavouring to keep him quiet. "You are beside yourself! what will they think of us?"

"What matter, provided I can cheer you up," said Peter, buoyant with animation. "But here comes Gudule," added he, seeing the library door open, and an old servant enter; "don't tell her what I have been doing; she would scold so."

"And no wonder; she would not be far wrong in that!" replied Blandine.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAJOR-DOMO.

In 1587, Maria Pipeling, the widow of John Rubens, left Brussels in order to return to her native place, Antwerp; she had seven children, the youngest of whom was Peter Paul. She had left home on a visit of a few days, accompanied by her eldest son Philip, and her daughter Clare, and had left Blandine and Peter under the charge of Gudule, an old Fleming, who had been

her nurse in infancy, and who, on the return of her former mistress, had desired nothing better than to resume her station near her, and to fill the offices of cook and housekeeper;—of major-domo, in fact; for, thanks to her great energy, and her past services, she had contrived to become more the mistress of the establishment than Madame Rubens herself.

A slight quarrel had arisen on the morning in question between Gudule and the two children. The old woman had declared that her mistress would return in the course of the day, because she had been dreaming of her, and Blandine and Peter had as loudly asserted to the contrary. But faithful to her inspiration, the first words Gudule uttered on entering the library were:

"According to my calculations, Madame Rubens may return at any moment; and I have just been making some of those little sugared tarts which will make her lick her fingers, I reckon; they are piping hot too. Didn't she like hot '*couques*[1]' when she was a child? I believe she did just."

"*Couques!*" cried Blandine and Peter in the

[1] A kind of pastry covered with sugar.

same voice. "Oh! bring us some up here, there's a good Gudule."

"No, no, children; when your mother comes home, you shall have some, but not till then," replied she.

"We shall not have them hot then, if we are to wait till mamma returns," said Peter.

"That may be," replied Gudule, biting her lips, which was a sure sign that she was out of humour; "but they shall not be touched till she comes home; that is to say, if she does not bring a host of people back with her to dinner, which not unfrequently happens when she returns from her visits."

"What has that to do with it?" asked Peter Paul; "are you afraid there will be none left for you?"

"That is not very likely," replied Gudule, annoyed that the children should see through her greediness; "those who make the *couques* have the best right to eat them."

"You may eat them all if you like, Gudule, every one of them. Go and fetch them, go, little Gudule, while they are smoking hot," said Peter, in a tone which was half roguish, half coaxing: "now do go——"

The sound of a carriage driving into the court-yard put a sudden stop to Peter's eloquent entreaties; and he exchanged an uneasy glance with his sister.

Blandine put her head out of the window, and exclaimed, turning very pale:

"It is the yellow carriage, Peter."

"Bah!" replied he, "it is some one who is fond of a joke, and who can take mine in good part."

"What? who is come now?" demanded Gudule; "a yellow carriage! that is not your mamma's, hers is green. Heaven send it may not be some glutton who is come to eat my share of the sweet pastry!" continued she.

At any other time this observation of the old woman's would have brought down upon her some of Peter's sarcasms; but she now escaped without the slightest attack. Peter had rushed out of the library, in order to be the first to ascertain who was the owner of the yellow carriage, and to see who could have taken his foolish joke so completely in earnest, and Blandine, silent and constrained, was anxiously listening for any clue to the mystery.

CHAPTER III.

THE YELLOW CARRIAGE.

When he reached the flight of steps, at the foot of which the yellow carriage had drawn up, Peter ventured to take a peep into the inside, and he then began to repent of his folly. Instead of a young man, or at least of a man who might be supposed to take an indulgent view of a boyish joke, he beheld an elderly lady, most elegantly attired, in the act of alighting; her footman had already put down the carriage steps.

"Pardon me, madame, I beg you a thousand pardons; really, I am so ashamed,—so ashamed that I do not know how,—I dare not——" said Peter, with such evident signs of disquietude, and looking so crest-fallen, that the old lady, whose foot was already on the carriage step, as quickly withdrew it, saying:

"What is this? what is the matter?"

"It is that I am a fool, madame, and that I do not know how to excuse myself," said the youth, with the air of one who was utterly at a loss for words to express his meaning.

"This is the truth of the matter:—my mother

and my eldest sister are both absent; Blandine and I are all alone in the house, with Gudule, the old servant who has nursed us all. We were expecting a visitor to arrive shortly, and, seeing your carriage on the high road, we thought, Blandine and I, that it must be—and——"

"Who?" asked the old lady.

"My godfather, the Prince de Chimay," said Peter, boldly.

"I am not likely to be mistaken for a man; and, besides, I put my head out of the carriage window," said the traveller.

"Or my godmother, Madame the Countess de Lalaing," replied young Rubens, whose countenance fell at this observation.

"Then you cannot recognize in me," said the old lady, "either your godfather, the Prince de Chimay, or the Countess de Lalaing, your godmother?"

"No, madame."

"Pitre," said the visitor to her lacquey, who leant towards his mistress. She whispered a few words in his ear.

The servant bowed in token of obedience, made a sign to the coachman to dismount, drew him aside, spoke to him also in a low voice, and then returning to his mistress, offered her his arm to

alight, to the extreme astonishment and discomfiture of our young wag.

"But, madame——" began Peter, wonderingly.

"But, sir, you yourself invited me, and here I am; you are too much of a gentleman to allow me to enter your house unattended, you will surely offer me your arm."

As she was speaking, the old lady appropriated to herself Peter's unwilling arm, and she leant so familiarly upon him, that he was compelled, *nolens volens*, to conduct her into the drawing-room. Then bowing respectfully to her, he left her alone, and hastened to inform his sister of what had been passing.

Peter had hardly finished relating to Blandine and Gudule the unlooked for consequences of his foolish frolic, when the latter exclaimed:

"My pastry! that woman must have smelt my *couques*, and has come to eat them."

"Much she thought of your pastry!" replied Peter, contemptuously, "this lady came because I called her in."

"And what made you do that?" asked Gudule.

Blandine now told Gudule of Peter's mad exploit, and summed up by saying:

"Never mind, dear old nurse, we must not be wanting in politeness: go into the drawing-room,

and see whether this visitor of ours is in want of any thing; go, do, and my brother and I will consult together for a moment; away with you now!" and Gudule went off grumbling.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GLASS OF WATER.

After mature deliberation, the brother and sister had just decided that it would be best to go and confess the whole truth to the stranger, and to entreat her forgiveness for the trick that had been played upon her, when Gudule returned in such a towering passion that even the greyhound began to bark beforehand.

"What does she want, indeed!" said she as soon as she reached the threshold of the library, "she wants—she has had the assurance to ask for a room for herself, one for her attendants, a stable for her horses, and a coach-house for her yellow carriage. She feels the cold too, even though we are in the middle of June, and has begged me to light her a fire; it is very certain that she is not

aware there are any *couques* in the kitchen, or she would doubtless have ordered them to be served up. This person must be some retired trades-woman; she is no titled lady, I know that full well by the look of her."

"What is to be done? what can we do?" said Peter, quite bewildered.

"Stop a minute, that is not all," continued Gudule; "she has requested a glass of sugared orange-flower water, and stipulated that it should be brought to her by M. Peter Paul Rubens himself."

"That is easily managed," said Blandine, taking up a waiter, on which a glass was standing already prepared, and putting it into her brother's hands.

"Would you have me take it to her?" asked Peter hesitatingly.

"Certainly, brother," answered Blandine, with great gravity; "it matters not from what cause, whether by chance or otherwise, this lady is now beneath our mother's roof, and it must not be said that she had to complain of our want of hospitality."

"You are right, sister, you speak like a book," said Peter, resigning himself to his fate, as he took up the waiter. He bent his steps towards

the drawing-room, followed by his sister and Gudule, and the little greyhound, who seemed determined to make one of the party.

At thirteen, Peter Paul Rubens was an exceedingly handsome boy; his figure was upright and elegant, and his carriage majestic and graceful in the extreme; his sparkling eyes, which were seldom raised, lent an air of pensive melancholy to his fine features; his forehead was high and open, and the glowing fire of genius was already plainly depicted there. His magnificent golden hair lay in rich masses upon his noble brow, and seemed to have been fashioned purposely to support the weight of glory which was one day to crown it.

The magic of his beauty was so great, that the lady could not refrain from an expression of admiration, as Peter Paul Rubens entered the room.

"What a happy mother to have such a beautiful child!" cried she, and without observing the extreme confusion and bashfulness of young Rubens, she proceeded to comment upon each of his perfections one by one: his eyes, his hair, his figure, and even down to his leg and foot. This was too much for the poor youth, who had been trained to exercise great discretion as to the freedom of

speech he permitted himself; and it was also the custom in all good Flemish families, to instil solid principles into the minds of the children, so that Rubens had never thought of priding himself on his physical advantages; and at each fresh exclamation from the stranger, he blushed, and held down his head. All timid children have felt that very often when they begin by blushing, they end by a fit of crying, and this is pretty much what befell poor Peter; he reddened up to his forehead, his head became dizzy, the room seemed to be turning round and round, the tears rushed into his eyes, and prevented his seeing where he placed his foot; but wishing to put an end to this distasteful survey of his personal attractions, he quickened his step, and the little dog running between his legs at this moment, he stumbled, the waiter fell from his hands, and the decanter, the tumbler, and the little spoon, were all dashed to pieces on the ground, with a crash which terrified Laïssette, and set her barking with all her might. At this disaster the stranger went off into loud laughter, which, coupled with the previous hubbub, so disconcerted the unfortunate Peter, that he would willingly have buried himself a hundred feet below the ground, had that been possible; he felt as if a burning coal were at each ear.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the lady, whilst Blandine was away preparing another glass of orange-flower water, and Gudule was stooping down to pick up the pieces of broken glass, and to wipe up the carpet. "Bravo! they say, 'as handsome as a page;' when you become mine, you will most entirely verify the old proverb."

"Your page, madame!" cried Peter, tossing his head with a haughty gesture.

"Yes, my page," repeated the lady; "I intend to confer that honour upon you."

"It is a singular honour!" said Peter, repressing a smile; "truly, madame, I will not presume to question your noble rank, of which I am unconscious, nor your illustrious name, of which I am ignorant; I am only speaking for myself, and of the dignity you deign to confer upon me, which I beg leave, however, to decline; for when you have made the most of it, it is nothing more than being a servant."

"That is not the light in which I regard it," said the stranger, deprecatingly, "and it certainly cannot be more humiliating to be a page, than to be a marshal, or a constable, or a master of the hounds, or, in fact, any other office, which might, in case of necessity, be converted into a species of servitude."

"And by whom, madame, was domestic servitude raised to an honourable estate?" added Peter, "was it not by the Franks? The Romans, who were the original inhabitants of Gaul, had only slaves. But the Franks were a proud race, and, like all brave free people, they held it to be unworthy of them to suffer slaves to approach their presence, and thus domestic offices came to be filled by their relatives and vassals, who constituted the nobility of those times. From this custom there has arisen a kind of honorary post of distinction for certain offices. But I beg your pardon, madame, I shall tire you perhaps," said Peter, who had been carried away by his subject, and who feared, like all well-bred youths, to engross too large a share of the conversation.

"No, no, go on, I entreat you; you interest me exceedingly," replied the unknown visitor, upon whose intelligent features might be plainly discerned the admiration he had excited.

Peter continued: "The *High Constable*, who was the first dignitary of the French monarchy, had originally the charge of the royal stables, of the horses, and of all other cattle; he was then called *Count of the Stable*, since converted into *Constable*. The *Maréchal* was, in fact, nothing but a farrier; but this title has since become a

most eminent military distinction, and answers to that of Field Marshal. The *Sénéschal* was a sort of steward, who superintended the general affairs of the household, who kept the accounts, receiving and disbursing money for his master, and such like; he is now chief officer of justice. The office of *Grand Veneur*, or master of the hounds, was that of a huntsman. As to those which in our days are called by courtesy pages, gentlemen, ladies, or maids of honour, they were in olden times but varlets, footmen, and waiting-women."

The lady was listening with astonishment and admiration to all that this remarkable child was saying, and until this moment she had not perceived Blandine, who was standing beside her with another glass of *eau sucrée*.

"I beg your pardon, my child," said she, so soon as the sound of Blandine's voice, pronouncing the word "Madame," recalled her presence.

"Madame," pursued she, in a grave, polite manner, when the lady had finished drinking, "as our mother is absent, we cannot venture to extend our hospitality further; have the goodness to excuse us, and especially my brother for his thoughtless gaiety, which impelled him to stop the first carriage he saw passing along the high

road; pray stay as long as you feel disposed, and——"

"Go away as soon as you possibly can," added the lady, laughing.

As Blandine, confused and ashamed that the lady had divined her meaning, no longer dared to utter a word, the latter proceeded:

"In spite of the finished politeness with which you sought to disguise your real sentiments, I can clearly comprehend them; but what would you have? I, too, am subject to fits of uncontrollable gaiety, like your brother here; his love of a joke led him to invite me in, and my impulse is to remain."

"We shall see all about that!" cried Gudule with very little ceremony.

But just at this crisis a fresh noise of carriage wheels met her ear, and looking out into the courtyard she exclaimed:

"Madame Rubens has returned; it is all very well to play the fine lady before two children and an old servant; but before Madame Rubens, whose maiden name was Maria Pipeling—Pipeling, do you hear that, madame?"

"Very well indeed, I am not in the least deaf," said the stranger, without stirring an inch, and looking Gudule full in the face, who in her turn

stared at the lady in astonishment, seeing the slight effect which a name so honoured by herself produced upon her visitor.

"Now, then, here is madame herself," added Gudule, with the air of one who is about to have her revenge.

Madame Rubens now entered the apartment (and prepared, as she had been, by Blandine), looking sufficiently stern, it must be confessed; but she had scarcely cast her eyes upon the stranger who had so inopportunely intruded herself into the domestic circle, ere her face suddenly changed its expression; a radiant smile illuminated her features, and running towards her visitor with open arms, she cried: "My dear Countess de Lalaing, what a joyful surprise!"

"The Countess de Lalaing!" repeated Rubens, mechanically, "my godmother?"

"Yes, your godmother, whom you were so anxious to turn out, my pretty page!" said the Countess to Peter.

"What!" said Madame Rubens, "did none of you recognize my noble friend?"

"It is nine years ago," said Peter, bowing.

"It is no wonder that at the age of three or four——" hesitated Blandine.

"As for myself," said Gudule, "I never was

at Brussels, and as this is the first time that the Countess has visited us in Antwerp, so it is the only time that I have had the honour of seeing her."

"I came to fetch my handsome page," said the Countess, looking at Peter Paul.

"We are at your service, both my children and myself," replied Madame Rubens.

CHAPTER V.

THE STUDIO.

The Countess of Lalaing belonged to one of the noblest families of Flanders, and it was considered a great honour for young Rubens to be admitted into her service as page. But accustomed as he had been to the calm and quiet routine of his own family circle, and educated as strictly as if he had been brought up in the cloister, the idleness and dissipation of the Countess's palace were extremely distasteful to him; and the very first day passed in trifling conversation and games of hazard, produced such a sensation of intolerable ennui, that he was with difficulty induced to remain. When he came home on a visit to his mother, after the

lapse of a year, she perceived so great a change in him, that she questioned him as to the cause.

"My dear mother," said he, "I feel such an intense desire to become a painter; it grows with my years."

"I do not understand you, my son," replied Maria Pipeling, who had imbibed all those extreme aristocratic notions which prevailed in her time; "are you not rich and noble? wherefore should you seek a trade?"

"A trade, mother! that which you call a trade is the noblest art of man, for it alone reproduces nature such as God created it!" cried the youth; "and because I am rich and noble, am I to be debarred from cultivating the fine arts, which adorn life, and render it useful and happy? My dear mother, they who say that idleness is the fitting attribute of the nobility, have prejudged the question, and succeeding ages will attest both the fallacy and the folly of such a notion. I entreat you to allow me to go and study painting under Adrian Van Oort."

Already more than half subdued by the prayers and entreaties of her son, Maria Pipeling ultimately yielded, when Peter's guardian, the Prince de Chimay, gave his full consent to his following up so decided a vocation. Paul Rubens then quitted

the service of the Countess de Lalaing to enter the studio of Van Oort.

One afternoon, when the master was out, a stranger paid a visit to the studio; his dress was simple, but his appearance was so prepossessing, and his distinguished bearing heightened his attractions so greatly, that the simplicity of his attire passed unnoticed. He carefully examined the easels of each pupil in silence, and devoted to that of Rubens a longer and stricter scrutiny.

"This is very badly done, is it not, sir?" said Peter, ashamed of having attracted the stranger's attention.

"It is incorrect," replied the stranger, "but a spark of genius irradiates every line of the picture. You should——"

"Leave this studio for that of the most celebrated painter of the Flemish school," interrupted Rubens; "Otto Vœnius."

"Why select that above all the others?" demanded the stranger, with a meaning smile.

"Because I esteem that painter the most highly," said Rubens, with that enthusiasm which was a part of his nature; "I consider him the greatest genius of the age."

Before the visitor had time to reply, a man with a bloated face, and unsteady gait, entered

the studio; it was Van Oort. The manners of this painter were so coarse, and his conduct so disreputable, that Rubens, blushing for his master, advanced towards him.

"There is a stranger here, master," said he, striving to recall him to a sense of what was due to that title.

"A stranger! and what right has any stranger to intrude under my roof?" cried Van Oort, in a thick, husky voice, and brandishing a huge stick which he held in his hand, "let him be off! But now I come to think of it, one of you young rascals must have opened the door to him. No doubt it was this little *papier mâché* figure!" added he, pointing to a pale-faced boy, the son of the burgomaster, whose health was so bad, that at sixteen he was no bigger and stronger than a child of twelve.

He had no sooner spoken, than raising his stick, he dealt a vigorous blow with it, which he intended for this poor youth; but Rubens had foreseen the catastrophe, and generously throwing himself between the master and the pupil, he received the first shock himself.

"You are hurt, Peter, are you not?" cried all the pupils.

"It is nothing," said Rubens, "indeed it is

nothing." Then, addressing himself to Van Oort, whom he had accustomed himself to hold in respect, he said:

"This youth is feeble and delicate, master; it is cowardly of you to strike him; you should attack the stronger ones; if you must have a victim, let it be myself, for instance."

"Both you and the others, and above all this little sneak; I will thrash you all, as many as there are of you!"

The stranger now tried to make himself heard; but Van Oort was not in a state to hear reason or argument of any kind, so finding all efforts in vain, they left him to continue his invectives against them all, the stranger included.

"Comrades," exclaimed Rubens, "this man is a disgrace to the name of a painter, which is the most glorious title in existence; let us all leave him, and go in a body to the studio of Otto Vœnius, and beg him to have the goodness to receive us. Those who are rich must pay for those who are poor. I will undertake to defray the expenses of two of my companions; Henry Van Baalen, and James Jordaens."

Leaving their master paralyzed with fury and with drink, the pupils all arose and left the studio in a body, headed by Rubens.

When they had got into the street, the stranger, who had been walking by the side of Rubens, seized him by the hand.

"Noble and generous youth!" cried he with deep emotion, "you would be introduced to Otto Vœnius? you have not far to go: he is before you, he presses your hand, he would fain clasp you to his bosom, first of all, on account of your talents, which will one day raise you to the very highest rank amongst artists; and yet more for your modesty, and for the goodness of your heart, which so generously impelled you to defend your weak and sickly comrade, and to devote your small fortune to the relief of those who are poorer than yourself. Come, all of you, home with me," added Otto Vœnius, turning towards the other pupils, "come, every one of you, to my studio: it is sufficient recommendation to be the companions of Rubens."

This speech caused Rubens to shed tears of joy.

"Allow me," said he, "to present to my mother that painter who is the brightest ornament of the Flemish school."

Otto Vœnius consented to his request, and Peter lost no time in conducting him to his mother's house.

In the year 1600, Rubens, who was then twenty-

three years of age, was very anxious to travel in Italy; the whole family assembled to consult whether it would be advisable to allow him to follow his inclination, and after mature deliberation, they decided in his favour.

Rubens then left his native land, and proceeded first to Venice; he lived in a very retired manner, and passed his whole time in studying the works of Paul Veronese, of Titian, and Tintoret. One of the gentlemen of honour belonging to the Duke of Mantua lodged under the same roof; and he was so charmed with the companionship of the young Fleming, with his highly cultivated mind, with his winning simplicity, and above all with the excellence of his paintings, that he never ceased to sound his praises at the court of the Duke, who soon became anxious to see Rubens. He invited him to go to Mantua; the young artist accepted the invitation, and soon became the favourite of that sovereign. At this epoch, the Duke of Mantua entrusted Rubens with an honourable commission. He sent him into Spain to offer to the King, Philip III., a magnificent carriage, drawn by six beautiful Neapolitan horses, and to the Duke of Lerma, his Prime Minister, other presents of a very valuable nature.

There was an irresistible charm about Rubens,

springing from his goodness and modesty; he succeeded most completely at the court of Spain, and when he returned to Mantua, the Duke hung round his neck a gold chain of immense value, and loading him with presents, entreated him to go to Rome, and to copy the finest pictures of the Roman school to adorn his gallery.

The fame of his great genius spread rapidly in Rome, and the Archduke Albert ordered him to paint three pictures for the chapel of the Holy Cross. From Rome he proceeded to Florence; and it was in this city that he applied himself to the study of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of ancient sculpture, and specially those of Michael Angelo; he then visited Bologna, but he was anxious to return to Venice, whither he speedily retraced his steps, in order to study the great colourists of the Venetian school.

For seven years Rubens travelled in Italy, visiting all the principal cities; and so great was the reputation which he had acquired, that he was received with the most flattering marks of distinction by kings and their ambassadors wherever he went. His glory was at its height, when he received intelligence of the serious illness of his mother. He immediately left all, and departed in the greatest haste. A few miles from

Brussels news was brought him of his mother's death. His grief was intense; Rubens both loved and venerated her. Instead of continuing his journey, he sought a temporary asylum at the convent of Saint Michel, near Brussels; he remained there for a length of time, mourning over the loss of his mother, and designing a monument to be erected to her memory; he composed the epitaph himself, and adorned it with a painting.

When the violence of his grief had somewhat subsided, he began to think of quitting his retirement, and would fain have returned to Italy, as the climate agreed with his health; but the Archduke Albert, and his wife, the Archduchess Isabella, were most eager to retain at their court an artist who was the pride and glory of his country; they summoned him to Brussels, conferred a considerable pension upon him, and invested him with the dignity of Chamberlain. Rubens accepted these honours, but as he was resolved that nothing should interfere with the pursuit of that great art to which his life was devoted, and fearing that the pleasures and gaieties of the court might prove a distraction, he sought and obtained permission to take up his abode at Antwerp.

In 1610 he married Elizabeth Brant, the niece

of his eldest brother's wife, Philip Rubens, who was secretary to the town of Antwerp, and at this period he purchased a spacious mansion, which he converted into a kind of Roman villa, and where he exercised a princely hospitality. Between the courtyard and the garden he built a pavilion, surmounted by a dome; the windows were arched, and he adorned the interior with the most exquisite paintings, and with the choicest groups of ancient sculpture; his studio was, if possible, yet more remarkable for its great extent and for the magnificent staircase which led to it.

Rubens was at once a great painter and a great nobleman; as illustrious for the productions of his pencil as for the acts of his domestic life. During his embassy in Spain, where he kept up a princely retinue, some one asked at a great dinner, "Who is this painter who plays the noble lord?" And the answer returned was as follows: "It is a noble lord who plays the painter."

On another occasion, during his sojourn at the court of Madrid, the King of Portugal, who was ambitious of the acquaintance of an artist whose praises were the theme of all Europe, invited him to his royal residence. Rubens accepted the invitation, and was accompanied by a train of Spanish noblemen, who, together with his own

private attendants, formed almost a royal *cortege* At last the King of Portugal became alarmed at the expenses in which such a visit would involve him, and he hastened to despatch one of his gentlemen of honour to Rubens, in order to arrest his progress, and to inform him that the King was obliged to return to Lisbon, and could not, therefore, receive him. The gentleman concluded by offering Rubens, as a present from his sovereign, and for the purpose of defraying the cost of his journey, a purse containing fifty pistoles.

"I beg you, sir," said Rubens to the King's messenger, "to present my most humble acknowledgments to his Majesty. I hastened to accept his invitation, and I regret deeply that I cannot myself receive those commands with which he might have honoured me. But as to the motives which brought me hither, I entreat you to assure him that the inducement of a present of fifty pistoles had no share in them, for I have brought a thousand with me to defray my own expenses and those of these gentlemen who have accompanied me on my visit."

And bowing to the messenger of the King of Portugal, and leaving him the purse, he turned his horse's head, and forthwith proceeded with his suite on the road to Madrid.

Open-hearted, generous, benevolent, a stranger to envy, he made the most noble use of the vast fortune which his great talents had enabled him to accumulate. He was passionately fond of horses, and his stables were filled with some of the finest, both for his own use, and for that of his guests; he kept open house for his friends, and his table was always served with great refinement and nicety, but without extravagance. His mind could never rest unoccupied; he was ever devoured by that feverish thirst which is the portion of genius: when he was not engaged in painting, he was reading and studying, and even while his fingers were occupied with his canvas, he would get either his pupils or his friends to read aloud passages from his favourite books, and from works which had reference to the subject he was painting.

Every summer he went to spend the fine weather at his territory of Steen, near Mechlin, where, without neglecting his art, he permitted himself the recreation of hunting and fishing. The education of his children was also one of his principal occupations: he had five: Albert Nicholas Francis, who was a member of the council of Brabant; Clara Eugenia, who married Philip Van Paris, Lord of Merxhem; Elizabeth, who married O. Lunden; Constance Albertine, who became a nun,

and Peter Paul, the youngest, who took orders and became a priest.

In the year 1634, Rubens was seized with gout, with which he was more or less tormented until his death, which took place on the 13th of May, 1640, at the age of sixty-three. His wife erected a magnificent monument to his memory in the church of Saint Jacques at Antwerp, and adorned it with one of her husband's own paintings, representing the Blessed Virgin and the infant Jesus, to whom St. Jerome and St. George are presenting Rubens's two wives; the figure of St. George was a portrait of himself.

Rubens painted more pictures perhaps than any other artist. The principal churches of Brussels are still enriched with many of his best works.

At the church of the Capuchins may be seen *Our Saviour's Descent from the Cross:* the dead Christ is laid on the knees of the Virgin, and St. Francis of Sales appears to be consoling her; in the convent of the Annunciation there is an *Adoration of the Magi;* in the Carmelite convent, an *Assumption of the Blessed Virgin*, and a *St. Theresa in ecstasy at the Apparition of our Saviour;* at the Jesuit convent, a *St. Ignatius Loyola*, and a *St. Francis Xavier;* in the convent of the Carthusians, an *Assumption of the Virgin*, which, though

small in dimension, is remarkable for the exquisite delicacy of the outline, the grandeur of the conception, the brilliancy of the colouring, and the marvellous combination of light and shade. Rubens's most celebrated pictures, however, adorn the Cathedral of Antwerp. These are, 1. *The Descent from the Cross*, with its accompanying wings, the Visitation and Presentation[1], in the

[1] It may be worth while to give the legend of the origin of this famous work. It is said that Rubens, after his return to the Low Countries in 1608, resolved to build a residence for himself at Antwerp, conformable to his own tastes. He drew the plan himself, and began to dig the foundation between his own garden and that of his neighbours, the members of the Guild of the Archers. The latter, perceiving that Rubens had trenched upon their ground, commenced a process against him, which came before the burgomaster, Nicholas Rockox: but he being a friend of Rubens, managed to bring about a compromise to the following effect:— The artist was to have his property confirmed in the piece of ground, and in return for this he was to paint for the Guild a picture of St. Christopher, their patron saint, for the altar of their chapel in the cathedral. Rubens in executing this task took the idea of his painting from the etymology of the saint's name (one who *bears Christ*), and composed a grand picture with two wings, in which he represented the same idea under three different forms: in the centre, *The Descent from the Cross*, in which our Lord is seen borne up by his disciples; on the left wing, *The Visitation*, Christ borne in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary; and on the right wing, *The Presentation of the Divine Infant in the Temple.* The worthy members, however, could not discern the ingenious allegory of the painter, and demanded that the identical figure of their patron should appear on the picture. Upon this the artist painted the colossal figure of St. Christopher, as we see it on the outside of the wings of the picture; and accompanied it with the figure of an *owl*, which was supposed to typify the ignorance of the Corporation.

south transept; 2. *The Erection of the Cross*, with Saint Catherine and Saint Eloy at the two sides, in the north transept; 3. The altarpiece at the High Altar, *The Assumption*. This magnificent composition was painted in sixteen days, and only cost equal to £120. It is now valued at more than £6000.

The Allegory of Peace and War in the National Gallery, London, is from the pencil of Rubens, as also the ceiling of Whitehall, for which he is said to have received £3000. The Louvre in Paris is also rich in the works of this famous painter.

He was the master of Vandyck, a glorious title to hand down to posterity, of Jordaens, of David Téniers, and of Van Thulden.

JUAN DE PAREJA;

OR, THE

MULATTO ARTIST.

JUAN DE PAREJA;

OR, THE

MULATTO ARTIST[1].

One fine morning in the autumn of the year 1629, there was a grand stir and commotion in an elegant pavilion of the Escurial, a sort of detached palace in a corner of that immense pile of buildings which was the residence of the kings of Spain, and which resembled a town rather than the private dwelling of a sovereign.

The court had been fresh gravelled, the carpets had been laid down in the apartments, the pictures had been hung up, and disposed with the greatest precision and nicety, and above all, the utmost pains had been lavished upon the arrangement of a vast studio, for it was inhabited by the young

[1] This Story, as will be seen, appropriately follows that of Rubens, being, in fact, a kind of episode in the great painter's life.

and celebrated painter, Diego Velasquez; and from all these unwonted preparations it was evident that he was expecting a visit of no ordinary importance.

Although only thirty-four years of age, the fame of Velasquez had already spread throughout Spain, and he had no lack of pupils, who flocked with avidity to receive his lessons.

King Philip IV., who was a great patron of the fine arts, had been one of the first to appreciate the talent and genius of Velasquez: he had appointed him his painter in ordinary, and also his chamberlain; and in order to have him always near him, he insisted on his taking up his abode in the Escurial itself, where he often came to try his royal hand at painting under the direction of the artist.

Diego Velasquez had travelled in Italy, Germany, and Flanders; he had seen Rubens, and he had reaped the fruit of these journeys in acquiring that insight and general knowledge which are as necessary to the arts, as the usages of the world are to society.

In the house of Velasquez there dwelt a singular being, a poor mulatto slave, of a timid and retiring disposition, whom the painter loved and protected. But in his absence the slave was the sport and the

drudge of the pupils; a malicious race who too often remain strangers to pity, until the stern lessons of after life have imbued them with more generous sentiments.

In order to understand the better what is to follow, we must devote a few words to the history of this poor slave.

At the request of Philip IV., Velasquez had painted the portrait of the celebrated Admiral Paréja, and that gallant sailor, delighted at beholding himself so faithfully represented upon canvas by so famous an artist, came in person to thank him, accompanied by a young mulatto slave, whom he had purchased in India, bearing a massive gold chain destined as a present to the painter. When the admiral was about to take his departure, the slave, whose name was Juan, was preparing to follow his master, but the rough sailor, giving him a push with his foot, exclaimed: "Do you suppose that when I make an offering of a chain of gold, I do not include the casket in the present? From this moment you belong to Velasquez." And with these words, the admiral stalked proudly away. The students appeared to think that the mulatto, with his shrinking mien, and his strange wild look, presented a very appropriate subject for their diversion; and the un-

dignified manner in which he had been ushered into the studio, furnished them with a never-ending source of pleasantry. He was a capital butt for their jokes; they deemed it high fun to call him by the name of his first master, and Juan de Paréja was the appellation by which he was subsequently known. To Velasquez he was an object of special commiseration; and he gave him the charge of the studio, which, though not very onerous in itself, proved a sore trial to the patience of the slave. When his master was present, Juan had a tolerably happy time, but whenever his back was turned, the mulatto had to endure a torrent of scoffs and provocation sufficient to try the temper of the humblest and mildest. For a length of time he bore it all with the utmost gentleness and resignation, but becoming weary of this petty persecution, he took the precaution of absenting himself whenever his master went abroad, and on these occasions he usually concealed himself in a garret, where he was at least free from the ungenerous attacks of the pupils.

They say that man is an imitative being, that industry provokes industry, that the arts are propagated by contact; and though it certainly requires more than the application of these adages to produce an artist, yet it must be confessed

that circumstances often awaken the perception of faculties inherent in those who had no appearance of previously possessing them. It was scarcely possible for Juan to see painting going on all around him for the space of two years, and to hear the greatest geniuses of the age lauding it to the skies, without feeling an indefinable longing to see whether he too could not succeed in acquiring the art. In order, therefore, to while away the tedious hours of his master's absence, he had recourse to painting. He could only procure some worn out brushes, and some discarded colours, which he carefully picked up right and left, and collected together. He was conscious that he was only daubing; but he experienced great delight in making these rough attempts; and so studiously did he conceal his secret occupations, that no one had the slightest suspicion of the way in which he passed his leisure hours.

But to return to our story; the poor slave appeared to be in the thick of the commotion which reigned in Velasquez's habitation on the morning in question; every one was ordering him about. Two illustrious visitors were expected. One of them was King Philip IV., but he was too frequent a guest to necessitate all these unusually

grand and ceremonious preparations. They were in honour of a stranger, who was none other than Peter Paul Rubens; and the citizen of Antwerp was a far more important personage, in the estimation of Velasquez and his pupils, than the King of Spain; he was their sovereign monarch, the king of painters, the great master of the art. Throughout the length and breadth of Europe, the name of Rubens awakened the most ardent and respectful enthusiasm. In his own glorious country, in Holland, in the Germanic empire, in France, in Italy, in England, and in Spain, his name was every where venerated; and most worthy was he of the universal homage he inspired.

Rubens was the friend of all the crowned heads of Europe. Maria de Medicis esteemed him most highly; Philip IV. had loaded him with honours and preferments; the King of England, Charles I., had conferred upon him the dignity of knighthood, with the full consent of his parliament; and the Infanta Isabella loved to sit beside his easel. He had paintings in all the galleries of Europe, and he had formed schools of painting and of engraving which were the wonder and admiration of the world. He was also an architect, and had built a palace for himself; he had also constructed the magnificent church of the Jesuits at Antwerp.

In his diplomatic capacity he negotiated, and successfully concluded, several treaties of peace, sealing them by painting the portraits of the rival potentates. As a writer, he was in correspondence with the most learned men of which Europe was at that time so justly proud.

His character was in accordance with the greatness of his genius. He maintained several young artists at Rome at his own expense. He silenced his enemies by heaping benefits upon them. Cornelius Schut was his avowed adversary; he discovered that he was in want of employment, and immediately procured him some. He usually left the painting of the animals and the landscape scenery in his pictures to be filled up by Van Thulden and others of his pupils; and he was consequently reproached with inability to succeed in this style of painting; a short time after he answered this charge by publicly exhibiting some hunting scenes, and some magnificent landscapes, executed in a most masterly manner, and painted entirely by his own hand. The heads of his figures were severely criticized, and produced the *Descent from the Cross;* he responded to the criticism by disarming it; in other words, he accomplished that which he was accused of being unable to perform. He was accustomed to cite the

Spanish proverb: "If you do well, you will have plenty to envy you; but if you do better, you will confound them."

Velasquez was nervously agitated at the idea of being judged by the most celebrated artist of his age. "My reputation is of little worth," said he, "unless it be confirmed by the approbation of Rubens."

His ambition was to receive him surrounded by his *chefs-d'œuvres*. He had executed, expressly for this interview, his famous picture of *Joseph's Garment*, which the French carried off to the Louvre in 1809, and which subsequent events connected with the downfall of Napoleon restored to Spain. He hoped much from the effect of this painting: for two years previously, when Rubens visited Madrid, he had left behind him some striking productions of his pencil, which had greatly contributed to inspire the genius of the Spanish painter.

At midday, two brilliant *cortéges* arrived at the gate of the court in which the pavilion of Velasquez was situated.

One of these remained behind, out of deference to that which included Philip IV., surrounded by all the *élite* of the grandees of Spain. When the King and his suite had alighted, the other drew

up, containing Rubens, accompanied by Vandyck, Sneyders, Van Thulden, Gaspard Cracyer, Widens, and other artists who were his pupils, and who generally followed in his train when he was on his embassies. This was the second time he had visited Spain in the capacity of an ambassador. As soon as the Flemish artist found himself in the presence of the King, he hastened to alight from his horse, and to pay him homage on bended knee. But Philip IV. would not receive this mark of respect from him.

"We are in a painter's mansion," said he, "you are the monarch here."

At the same time taking him by the arm, in spite of etiquette, the two kings entered the studio, followed by their respective suites.

As for Velasquez and his pupils, their politeness was reserved for Philip; but the homage of their hearts was offered up to Rubens. Juan de Paréja appeared to be especially fascinated. His eyes were riveted upon the great man with an expression of the most ardent veneration. Had he dared to give way to his feelings he would have fallen upon his knees before him.

Rubens was at this time fifty-two years of age. His magnificent forehead, his imposing figure, his noble and distinguished bearing, were the admira-

tion of all beholders. He combined with the majesty of genius the elegant and finished manners of a gentleman and a courtier.

The hearts of the bystanders were palpitating with emotion whilst the great master of the Flemish school was silently examining the works of the master of the Italian school. When he beheld *Joseph's Garment* he could no longer refrain his intense admiration, and stretching out his hand to Velasquez, the latter threw himself into his arms.

"This is the happiest day of my life!" cried the painter of Philip IV. "You will put the finishing stroke to my happiness and my glory," continued he, addressing Rubens, "if you will honour my studio by transmitting a stroke of your pencil to one of my paintings, as a lasting memorial of your visit."

With these words Velasquez pointed out his principal pictures, and presented Rubens with a palette and brush, in the hope that the great painter would let fall a spark of his genius upon some portion of his own works.

"What I see around me is already finished," said Rubens. "But I will gladly make you a little sketch."

At the same time he stooped to pick up a piece

of canvas which had fallen down from the wall, and which he supposed to be a blank surface. On turning it round he uttered an exclamation of surprise, for he saw before him a beautiful painting. The mulatto meanwhile became pale with terror, on observing a painting which he had executed in secret in the hands of such a personage; he had no idea how it came there, and he trembled from head to foot, as if he had been guilty of some grievous crime. He bent his head in expectation of his master's reprimand, and of the raillery of the pupils.

Rubens meanwhile was attentively examining this painting.

"I at first supposed it to be your own composition, Velasquez," said he, at length.

The slave looked up, scarcely believing his own ears, as the realization of his golden dreams was thus suddenly granted him.

"But on looking at it more closely," continued Rubens, "I perceived that it must be the production of one of your pupils. Whoever it be, he may already consider himself a master, for there is great talent and genius displayed in that picture."

At each word which fell from the lips of

Rubens, the heart of poor Juan palpitated afresh.

"I know not, indeed," replied Velasquez, examining it in his turn, "who could have painted this picture, for I was not even aware that it was in my studio."

He cast an inquiring glance at his pupils:—"To which of you, gentlemen, am I to ascribe this painting?" asked he.

No one had made any reply, when his eyes encountered those of the mulatto. Juan de Paréja fell down on his knees in a state of indescribable emotion.

"To me," stammered he.

Vandyck was constrained to support him. He burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and was unable to articulate another word.

Rubens and Velasquez raised him up, and embraced him. King Philip IV., who had the happiness of witnessing this remarkable scene, now advanced, and placing his royal hand upon the slave's shoulder, exclaimed:

"A man of genius can never remain a slave; raise your head, and receive your freedom; your master shall immediately be paid two hundred ounces of gold for your ransom."

"And this gold I make over to you, Juan," added Velasquez, "I have already gained much in finding in you an artist and a friend, instead of a slave."

"Ah! I shall always be a slave," cried Juan de Paréja with lively gratitude. "Yes, I will ever remain your slave."

So saying, he embraced his master's knees.

Rubens was too profoundly affected to attempt to fulfil Velasquez's request, and laying down the brush and palette, he put it off till the following day. The two *cortéges* then took their departure.

On the morrow Rubens returned to the studio, according to promise. He painted there for about the space of an hour, leaving behind him the much desired sketch. He was attended upon by Juan, clothed in the garb of a freeman; and he did not depart without bestowing an affectionate embrace upon this new brother in the art.

I think my readers will be glad of a few words touching the future career of Juan de Paréja as an artist. He never forgot the kind treatment he had received at the hands of Velasquez, and could not be prevailed upon to leave him. He accompanied him every where, and was admitted on the same day into the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome,

which also boasted of the names of Domenichino, Guido, Peter of Cortona, Poussin, Sandraert, Guercino, and many other illustrious painters amongst its members.

Velasquez died at Madrid, in 1660, of a contagious disorder. Juan never left his dying bed, except for the purpose of consoling and nursing his widow, who fell a victim to the same disease only a week after her husband; he then attached himself to his master's daughter, who had married the landscape painter, Martinez del Mazo, but a short time previously.

"Senora," said he, "I have no one left me in the world but you. Take me into your service, if you would not have me die of grief."

"Come to us, then; you are one of the family," replied Mazo.

Juan attached himself most devotedly to the landscape painter, who, in fact, owed him his life. For in 1670, having painted a satirical picture, which is yet to be seen in the palace of Aranjuez, a nobleman of Madrid was so highly incensed, that he hired an assassin to stab Martinez del Mazo. Juan de Paréja, who never lost sight of those to whom he was attached, threw himself before the dagger, received the blow, and expired.

The museum at Madrid is richly furnished

with several admirable portraits by the mulatto artist. That portion of the immense museum at Paris called the Spanish Museum is enriched with two of his paintings; one is *The holy Women at the Sepulchre of our Saviour*, and the other is that famous production, *The Entombment*, which, as we have related, first awoke to celebrity under the touch of Rubens.

The Calling of St. Matthew, which is regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Juan de Paréja, is preserved in the palace of Aranjuez.

TALES FOR YOUNG PERSONS AND FOR POPULAR READING.

Pietro and his Pupil, and other Tales. Price Fourpence.
The Artist and his Dog. Price Fourpence.
The Life of Mddle. de Lamourous, commonly called the Good Mother. Price Sixpence.
The Little Page, and other Tales. Price Fourpence.
The Story of Gassendi. Price Fourpence.
Eastern Tales and Allegories. Price Fourpence.
Marie Leczinska, and other Tales. Price Fourpence.
The Emperor and the Nightingale, and other Tales. Price Sixpence.
Isabelle of France, and other Tales. Price Sixpence.
Valentine Duval, and other Tales. Price Fourpence.
Amyot; or, the Little Vagrant. Price Threepence.
The Boy and the Man, by the author of "Mrs. Maitland," &c. Price Fourpence.
Bénédicité, and other Tales. Price Sixpence.
George Morton, by the author of "Mrs. Maitland," &c. Price Sixpence.
Captain Ricard, and other Tales. Price Sixpence.
The Wounded Grenadier, and other Tales. Price Sixpence.
Emma's Cross, by the author of "Mrs. Maitland," &c. Price Fourpence.
Lent Lilies, by the author of "Mrs. Maitland," &c. Price Fourpence.
The Muffin Girl, by the author of "Mrs. Maitland," &c. Price Fourpence.
The Castle of Keroulaz, and other Tales. Price Sixpence.
Our Lady of Armor, and other Tales. Price Sixpence.
The Angel, and other Tales. Price Sixpence.
The Black Seal, and other Tales. Price Sixpence.
Ursula Lefort, a Tale of the days of Terror. Price Sixpence.
Life of Sœur Rosalie, of the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul. Price Sixpence
Thomas Martin, and how he turned out. Price Twopence.
Harry O'Brien; or, the Story of an Orphan. Price Fourpence.
Frederick Wilmot; or, Vocation. Price Sixpence.

4100

BUCHBINDEREI
OBERMEIER
Benzstrasse 2
84056 Rottenburg
Telefon 08781 / 5 50
Bucheinbände nach RAL RG 495

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Rubens; or, the little page [Aussentitel]: The story of the little page.
Juande Parei; or, the mulatto artist

London [ca. 1850]

Art. 1416 w
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10997520-7